

# The Washington Times

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## Welcome to a Death's Head

We Were Getting Too Conceited, This Should Do Good.

To the anonymous reader whose note you shall read, our thanks:

Editor Times:  
What on earth is the matter with The Times? It has degenerated into the worst no account sheet now published in this town. For heaven's sake go back to The Times of six months ago which was readable.  
I don't know HOW MANY NEW READERS you have, but do know an almost universal criticism of its present get up.  
A ONCE READER AND SUBSCRIBER.

That is the sort of a letter an editor needs.

The old Egyptians ate and drank too much; they felt too proud of their Nile, with waters so well controlled, and the pyramids, and the dancing girls, and their beautiful villas, and their high-class tombs.

It did them good, when, at a certain stage in the feast, a servant appeared carrying a death's head, a gloomy skull, and requested the ladies and gentlemen to remember that their heads would soon look like that.

We thank this reader who has brought in to our editorial feast the death's head which you have seen above. We were becoming too proud of our circulation, and various other things. This will do us good. Write another like it every little while, dear "Once reader and subscriber."

## Professor Garrett P. Serviss Is in Washington

The Distinguished Astronomer and Writer Will Discuss This City and Its Great Teaching Power, in The Washington Times.

It gives us satisfaction to tell our readers that we have persuaded Prof. Garrett P. Serviss to come to Washington. He will write for The Times here and analyze for our readers and for the large audience that he commands throughout the United States, the scientific and educational resources of this wonderful city.

We present here Prof. Serviss' first announcement:

### THE GREATNESS OF WASHINGTON By Garrett P. Serviss.

Mr. Brisbane, the editor of The Washington Times, has paid me the compliment of asking me to come to the Capital of my country and see what ideas of greatness and of patriotic pride it will awaken in my mind. There is no implication that I have never been in Washington before, but there is an implication, as well as a confession, that I have not before looked upon it from the comprehensive viewpoint which the editor has, characteristically, suggested to me.

Washington has within a few months past so rapidly stepped to the front rank, and to the head of the line, among the world's great capitals that the bright light in which it now stands reveals many other things beside its political supremacy, about some of which things millions of our fellow citizens have very imperfect notions, if they have any notions at all. It is concerning these things that I am going to write for The Times, and through The Times for the many other newspapers throughout the country which have the goodness to print these articles of mine. I am going to try to show what it is that makes Washington the brain of this great country.

#### Greatest Organ of Knowledge Here.

Here in Washington, for instance, is the greatest institution for the dissemination of knowledge to the people, without academical trammels, that anywhere exists.

It is the Smithsonian Institution, which so many persons ignorantly and unintentionally belittle by calling it the "Smithsonian Institute," as if it were one of those half-colleges, half-high-schools in which so many young men and women are ably furnished with the elements of education.

The Smithsonian Institution is not a school, not a college, not a university, but it is an organ of knowledge for everybody, and an agent for the spread of knowledge, and the encouragement of scientific investigation. Its annual publications are great magazines of collected intelligence that supply material for the minds of statesmen, men of science, and leaders of progress all over our planet.

A man who possesses all the volumes that have been published by this wonderful institution has a vast library, that carries him through all the fields of human knowledge. If Greece, in the days of Alexander the Great, had had a Smithsonian Institution, Aristotle could not have established his intellectual authority.

#### A National Lighthouse of Intelligence.

It will, then, be one of the objects of these articles to point out some of the things that the Smithsonian Institution has accomplished, primarily for the American people, but also, broadly, for the whole world. I shall describe some of the most significant contents of its magnificent museum, and of the great National Museum associated with it, which every living American ought to see and study.

Then there is that lighthouse of intelligence, the United States Naval Observatory, which, keeping perpetual watch upon the heavens when most of the world is asleep, not only guides the hands of every clock and watch throughout the United States, and makes safe the time schedules of the railroads, but, in time of war, may even make "the stars in their courses" fight for us, through the knowledge that it collects for the use of our defenders at sea.

Is there in all the world a Patent Office comparable with ours here in Washington? For what is the Yankee most famous, most admired? Surely for that inventiveness, the thought of which flashed into millions of minds abroad, awakening enthusiastic hopes, the moment the news of our entry into the war was announced. "Thank God!" they cried, "the Yankee with his inventions is on our side, and now we are all right." For generations this peculiarly American form of practical intelligence has been filling the archives of the Patent Office with the fruits of an industrial or political history at a critical epoch. It is a kind of pious, patriotic, duty for every American to know something about the workings, and the hoarded treasures, of that great institution, and consequently it must play a large part in the exhibition which we shall try to make of the greatness of Washington as the center of American intelligence and power.

#### Architecture Symbolic of Power.

One of the characteristics that in every age and nation has marked a great capital is its architecture. Memphis, Thebes, Babylon, Athens, Rome, did not more surely set the style of monumental building for the peoples who were under their government than Washington today sets it for our people, whom it does not govern in the old sense, but whose power, wealth, and ambition it represents. The magnificent Capitol on its superb mount is grander than the one that Rome had beside its temple of Jupiter, and the vast series of Government buildings, flashing white in the sun, fill the mind with thoughts of the power of a great people, the latest to arise upon this planet, who, in little more than a single century, have given the world a lesson in self-government that is fast dissolving the spell which for thousands of years hitherto has held the older half of the globe under the yoke of kings and princes.

But I cannot in a little space even mention by name one in a dozen of the things that one finds on every side of Washington, calling for attention, description, and admiration, and which will constitute the subjects about which I am to write. We shall see what they are when we get to them.

## Wilson's Answer---A New Monument



Raemaekers' Tribute, Well Deserved, to Our President.

## Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article on "Failure"

It Was the Memory of Having Been Bluffed Out of a Winning Poker Hand Which Gave the Inventor Nerve to Turn a Crisis Which Looked Like Disaster Into Success—But the Inventor's Wife, Somehow, Didn't See Anything Amusing in Stories of the Hard-Up Times Told in Time of Prosperity.

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

THE host at our dinner party—a very successful inventor—had fallen to reminiscing and was giving a broadly humorous account of some of the shifts and subterfuges to which he had been put in the effort to keep up appearances before fortune came his way.

He told, I remember, of his horror on one occasion when he had invited a number of capitalists to his office to discuss a proposition he wanted them to back, and not half an hour before the conference the sheriff walked in and took possession of the place under an execution.

The inventor was nonplussed. He paced the floor, uncertain what to do. All the structure of bright hopes he had been building on the strength of the coming interview crashed about him; for he knew that this exposure of his financial weakness would scare off the support for which he was angling.

Then he remembered a poker game, where he had laid down a full hand before the superb bluff of an opponent who held absolutely nothing, and it offered him a suggestion.

When the financiers arrived he led them into his inner office. "Gentlemen," he said, "you will have to give me an answer to my proposition—yes or no—within five minutes. That man outside is a representative of one of the biggest corporations in the country." And so the sheriff was—a representative of the State of New York. "He wants to take over this whole concern without delay, and by the time he gets ready to start down town discovers that his hat has suddenly grown too small for him."

"The strategem worked to a charm. As one of the syndicate afterward confessed, they had come there prepared to haggle and

to keep him dangling on in uncertainty for weeks, but the idea of competition and the bold front he put up brought them to time, and the deal went through that afternoon."

"If people would only recall their past mistakes," the inventor drew his moral, "they could extricate themselves from many a dilemma. The sense of foolish ineptitude which swept over me when I discovered that I had been bluffed out in that poker game stood me in good stead in this game for a vastly more important stake. I simply borrowed the tactics which had been used against me, and played my busted straight as if I had a royal flush."

"You evidently believe," I said, "that we learn more from our failures than from our successes?"

"More?" he spoke with an emphasis which repudiated even the suggestion. "No man yet ever learned anything from a success. And the proof of it is that successes do not often repeat."

"A person may score a success on the first trial. Sometimes he may follow it up with a second success. But rarely with a third. The reason is that he doesn't know how he did it. The lightning just happened to strike him. It's the failures we make that teach us, if we are capable of being taught at all."

"The fellow who wakes up the morning after to 'the jubilant song of the victor,' and a sheaf of glowing press notices is not going to question very much how the result was obtained. He simply ascribes it to his own transcendent genius, and by the time he gets ready to start down town discovers that his hat has suddenly grown too small for him."

In every joint from a drubbing at the hands of fortune, is very apt to study out how it all happened and take thought to avoid a similar experience the next time.

"One who has never handled a rifle may by chance blaze away and hit the bull's-eye; but it's the man who goes to the range day after day, correcting his errors of aim and acquiring steadiness and poise who becomes a sharpshooter."

"Beginner's luck" is proverbial in every sport and enterprise from trout fishing to playing the stock market; but it is the old stager, with his expert knowledge gained from many a wearisome and empty-handed day along the river, upon whom we have to depend for our supply of fish.

"Ride with an idle whip, ride with an unused heel; But once in a way there will come a day, When the colt will be taught to feel The lash that falls, and the curb that galls, And the sting of the roweled steel."

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," is no mere figure of speech," he continued. "Adversity is our most valuable schoolmaster. There is not a success in the world today—a real success, I mean, not a mere flash in the pan—which, if the truth were known, is not the evolution and flower of a long line of failures—perhaps not always what the world counts failures, but to the men themselves, reckoned in that category in which misses are as good as miles."

"Nature had to experiment a long while with the three-toed cohippi before she evolved anything so perfect as the horse. It took thousands of generations of ugly and misshapen beasts to reach the stage of man. And the process is

still going on. From failure to failure we progress until at last we reach success."

The inventor paused. His wife, I noticed, had joined only half-heartedly in our laughter at his hard luck anecdotes, and had shown some symptoms of impatience at his philosophizing.

"Well," she said a little grimly, "failure and adversity may all be as wonderful and desirable as you say, but for my part I'd rather have the peace and comfort of success."

"Those stories that my husband tells," she turned to the rest of us, "are very amusing now no doubt; but, believe me, they were not so funny as actual experiences either to him or to myself."

"My dear," he corrected her, "I did not claim that failures are ever humorous or agreeable at the time. The philosophic mind may say with Aeneas, 'Memento juvabit,' but it is pretty cold consolation."

"What I asserted was, that failure is one of the most valuable things that can happen to a man or woman, provided that he or she has the gumption to learn from the experience, and the nerve to 'watch the things that you gave life to broken; and stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.'"

"Naturally, also, the more severe the hardships which result from the failure or mistake, the more valuable the experience proves; for it is then a spur to extra effort. One may lament that he has to ride in a crowded street car rather than in a luxurious motor; one may complain of the little inconveniences of life. But when one finds himself actually in hell, one gets out. For where the will is strong enough, there is always a way."

## Big Men For the Commissionership

Since the People Cannot Vote, They Ought at Least Be Governed by Some One Chosen From Among Their Number Who Is Competent.

By DAVID LAWRENCE.

Who will be the next District Commissioner? Nobody but President Wilson seems to know and he isn't telling, if, indeed, he has made up his mind about it at all. Mr. Wilson is wisely taking time to pick a good man. Apparently he is still open to suggestions. Here is one sent to The Times by a prominent resident of Washington:

"Sept. 6, 1917.

"My Dear Mr. Lawrence:

"Like the rest of Washington, I have read daily what you have had to say about the Commissionership. It is important to have a man who knows Washington, represents Washington, and if possible one who has succeeded in Washington. I nominate for District Commissioner a man who will be very much surprised when he reads his name in the paper—if you print it—Julius Garfinkle.

"Here is a man of whom every business man in Washington will say that he is thoroughly master of his own business, understands organization, supervision, and the deputization of authority. He is also a man who would want from the Commissionership, if he accepted it, nothing but the honor of serving the public well.

"I do not know whether he would accept the job if it were offered to him. But why don't you find out and discuss him among other candidates? You will have no trouble at all in finding where he stands on any question.

"Very truly yours,

"E. W."

What the above letter says about Mr. Garfinkle is true. He is a man who stands high in the esteem of the people of Washington. President Wilson already has shown his belief in the character and integrity of Mr. Garfinkle by appointing him a member of the District Appeal Board on Exemptions. This was a tribute to Mr. Garfinkle's sense of fairness and independence.

The Times is not advocating the candidacy of any man. Nor is it recording itself as opposed to any one who has been named. But the general principle that the new Commissioner should be a man intimately identified with the life of Washington, that he should be a bona fide resident in all that the term implies, is certainly not too much to ask. Mr. Garfinkle is a man of that sort. It is a good thing that men of his type are being suggested—men who have demonstrated their business ability. It would be gratifying to have other names of similar weight in the community laid before the President so that he might choose from among them an able administrator, the one best suited to care for the 350,000 voteless people who live here. Certainly if the citizens of Washington cannot vote, they ought at least be given a man of capacity to care for them in these days when municipal problems are multiplying every day and affecting the social welfare of the people.

## The Street of Forgotten Days

The Right Kind of Training and Advice Will Keep a Boy Out of It. But It Is Not Easy.



This picture shows the young actor who takes the principal part in the play EXPERIENCE, after he has gone through all kinds of follies, all kinds of bitter experiences, and landed in the Street of Forgotten Days.

How strongly impressive are those five words, "The Street of Forgotten Days." The DAYS are not forgotten, they are remembered only too bitterly, the days of self-indulgence, pleasure, folly, followed by remorse.

The young man in the play "Experience" now at the Belasco Theater, when he has gone through his folly and sin is supposed to be in the street of days forgotten, that is, the street in which a man lands when he has forgotten the value of his days, his early teachings, and neglected the warning of experience as time went by.

The play "Experience," with its great pictures, its gorgeous dresses, its actresses representing the emotions, the gamblers that rob Youth and turn him out, is a useful modernization, as the play producers call it, of the ancient "Pilgrim's Progress."

Every human being is a pilgrim, and life is a progress, sometimes happy and safe, but more often bitter and remorseful from childhood to old age.

Plays that strike the imagination, that stir up apprehension and self-questioning in even the dullest boy must do good. We believe that as numbers of clergymen have said, the play EXPERIENCE, now at the Belasco Theater, is a play of that kind and worth seeing.

That which men SEE will turn them from evil more quickly than that which is merely told to them.

And after Youth SEES, on the stage in the play EXPERIENCE, Folly in action, and then SEES the inevitable ending in that saddest "Street of Forgotten Days," some earnest thinking is done, and sad, REAL experience perhaps avoided.

For that reason we advise you to see the play "Experience," which leaves the Belasco Theater after this week.